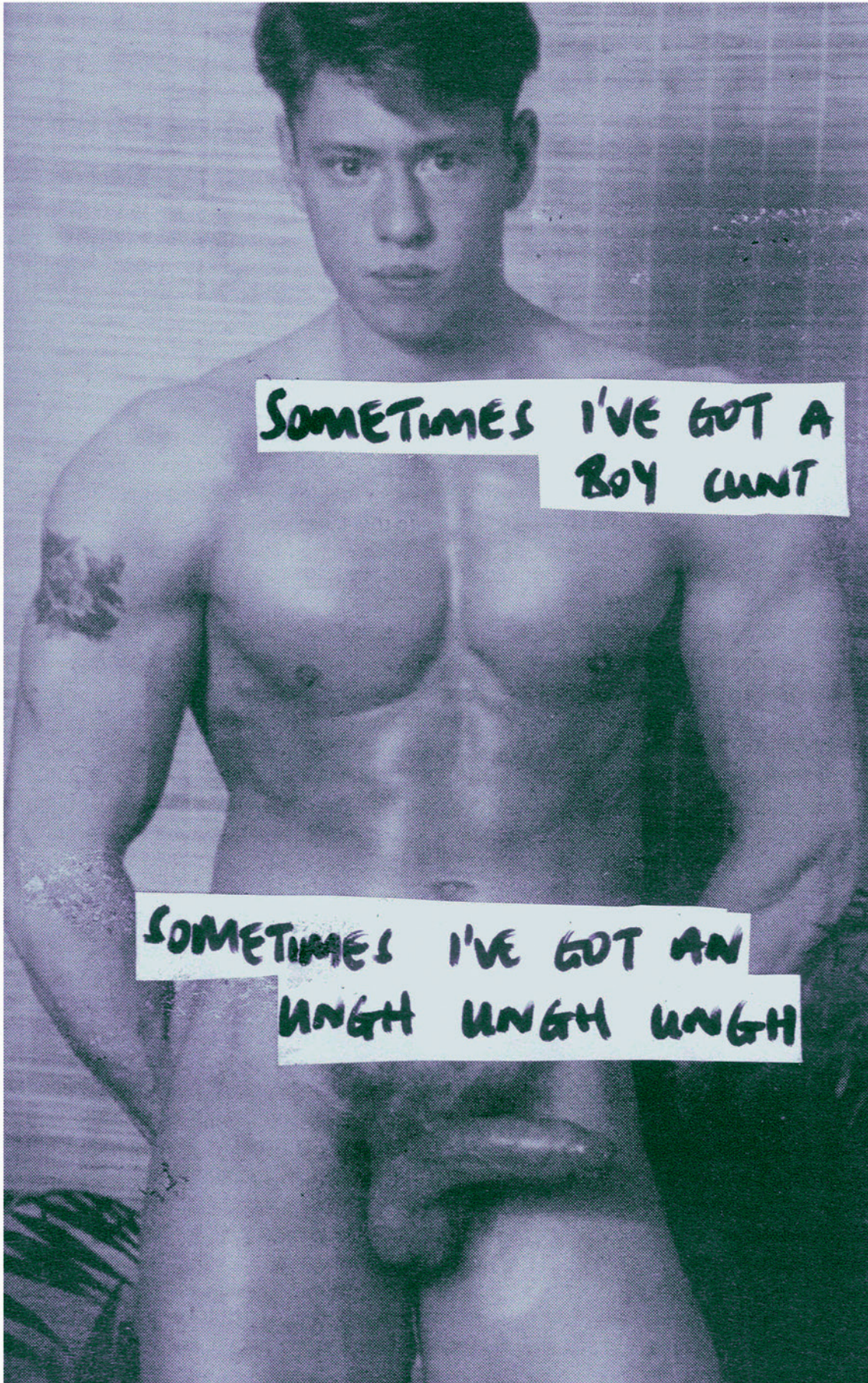






SCOTT SINCLAIR IS THE POO BUMMER



With the doll's face eaten, I'm all out of hope
On the promenade floor, one more time
Snail train tracks, silver baby baby coha baby
Course flowering veins, I saw you standing alone
Of the disjointed whore. how was I supposed to
An ice-cream for sir? If you really wanna
(Cheeky chappy) just the it's not fair at all I just want to see your
A parasol for madam? es. wanna pack my things body talk
(Naughty luck) and leave this very body talk
Welcome To Company Fuck
it's like paradise
Ghost memory of planet earth, bold You gotta be
A stray chord, You know talk to a ap your got to tell me
Hungry, need me inside
Laps at the broken necks of children, got no
Arms flaying, I need
Rusted harlequin, I need different
Cleansed with a patina, to love
Of shimmering psychosexual euphoria, to love
Twitches, the illest a rainbow
Upon thy lover's nest, if you need
Soft thorn and petal, had between
Happy; worm; couples. Skipar I'll realize
Welcome To Company Fuck
good times emon when tha be
White man impaled, chya you
Against a rotting porn set, ditchya
Complete with fly sky, me protect your neck
Set alight and shuddering, as the
Noodles for cowboys and girls coming
In a blizzard of grey mists. coming
The curtain raises on the company... 13-when
+ Rootin' tootin' flesh pistol shootin' flying
won't take my love flying
A damaged horde of personalities
Disparate, yyyyyyy. I can fly. goes
Tenderly stitched back together, I can fly. goes
With nothing short of a rainbow. high as the
will you make room sky. Baby then the
Welcome To Company Fuck people sitting in you say baby and that
Boom there goes
Encapsulated amongst an egg, the damage
Of mirrors, blue, baby leave me
Suspended above the Caribbean lagoon, just get on the floor. Man it
Of nameless street and the battalion of pleasure, just I told you not a boy
Strapped to the four poster with makeup, you As far from the photocopier,
The screams of the animals driven into the blender, to me that thing As one can humanly imagine.
Splashed against mum's new kitchen, to me that thing As one can humanly imagine.
Synthesised up. Take I wanna rock. get my groove and then I ball
another little piece of my heart. man on. apart.



WELCOME
TO
CXXFX!

to party All I'm asking baby is for You try to make a
when I'm a little of your time I out of me the
baby I feel know I don't have many lover you have
I've just got like those other guys Now turn around
to say and but I'm willing to fry around bright eyes
anything you want I'll do turn around all look
I'll do it for you baby in the eye and don't
Don't do it when you walk back in anger
wanna sucka to it Relax the summer is
when you wanna come weather is
Outside come on inside couldn't believe
turn out the lights you looked just
Be easy and just there's no comfort
feel free to do what truth it's easy
you want to me. hard to get release
In the middle time it's from these chain
the instant realization
there for you
at a night Take me baby
L.A. me away to 1994
I ain't washing dishes
Driving driving
Late night one night. Driving driving
down an empty highway there she was just a
downtown I know a place where Give me
we can be happy to hear A love you. Is
song is the reason I'm singing reason that you do
together forever and ever call no more
we can make it make it nono then
right but on that first night Aint no sense
it wasn't quite right. Let's making sense
wait a while when love has wanna feel
time gone and I'm all alone I would break
call you up don't think you've two just me
got it made don't tell your the take me away
friends about the 1 2 3 4 that special
5 6 7 8 9 what I use for the secret
battle and the rhyme. my mind pay no attention



Nasenbluten
Destiny's Child
Ultravox
Nurse With Wound
Syndicate
Prince
Darkthrone
Hellfish
Toocutfer
Outkast
Petshop Boys
7 Minutes of Neusee
Babe
KLF
Iannis Xenakis
Yello
Duran Duran
Biffplex
Bucket Rider
DJ Screw
Candice Hank
Incapacitants
R Kelly
Napalm Death
John Weise
Madonna
Masonna
Kid Creole and The Coconuts
Maurizio
Mixed Band Philanthropist
Tool Live Crew
Crazy Frog
Prodigy
Bata Erko
Fugalquease
Fear of God
Barry White
Tokoono
Pat Benetar
Anastasi Logothetis
Scooter
Michele Jackson
Henrichopin
EMF
Was not was
Basic Channel
Billy Idol
Carstalling
Venom
Sissy Spaceck
DJ Smallcock
Kate Bush
Timbaland
Autechre
Weird Al Rankovic
Phil Collins
Gerigerogege
The Kill
New Waver
Farmers Manual
Anal Cunt
Britney Spears
Public Enemy
Bernard Horner
Eurythmics
Fraughman
Village People
Basil Kirchen
Frugal Gormets
The Berzerker
Kennie G
Bonnie Tyler
The Jarn
Hecker
Vanilla Ice
Attack Attack!

Shakira
Sylvester
DJ Scud
Roll Deep
Crew
Destroy 2
Frank Sinatra
Ranks Sinatra
Bobetomagus
Sore Throat
TISM
Shoop Dogg
Sweden
Bobby Orlando
Devo
The Perfect Lovers
Jim Steinman
Punzlestin and Girelestock
Of Dirty Bastard
Aural Exciters
Suicidal Rap Orgy
Will Guthrie
Antonimilovvi
Lightning Bolt
Nihilfist
Spektr
Flew Creekling
Hunting Lodge
Sheep on Drugs
Rik Rue
Rick Astley
AC/DC
Rainbow
Dr Dre
Khafate
Ronnie Starfish and The Furious Five
Laidback
Divine
Wutang Clan
HNAS
Botborg
Mauricio Kegel
Patrick Cowley
Impaled Northern Moonforest
Stock Aitken and Waterman
Stockhausen and War Men
The Chipmunks
James Brown
Ghostface Killer
Extreme Noise Terror
MCHellshit
DRC House
Sgure
Remarc
Justin Timberlake
Squarepusher
World
Giorgio Moroder
Bernard Estardy
Hansotash
Valerio Stricoli
Naked City
Robert Ashley
Talking Heads
Donna Summer
Donna Summer
Wobbly
Rogga Twins
Missy Elliott
Mimetic
RZA
Passenger of Shit
Zombie Flesh Eater
Spastic Mentia
Hugh Davies
Satan
The Necrowizard



FOT

DANGEROUS

666

DANCE

In 1934, a young author named Dennis Wheatley published a novel entitled *The Devil Rides Out*. A story of black magic, it was acclaimed by the critics as the best since Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and quickly became a best-seller.

But on the fly-leaf of his book, Wheatley gave a solemn word of advice to his readers. 'I desire to state,' he wrote, 'that I personally have never assisted at, or participated in, any ceremony connected with magic – black or white. Should any of my readers incline to a serious study of the subject, and thus come into contact with a man or woman of Power, I feel that it is only right to urge them, most strongly, to refrain from being drawn into the practice of the Secret Art . . . to do so would bring them into dangers of a very real and concrete nature.'

What exactly are the dangers which Mr Wheatley claims to be inherent in magic? Are they merely social – the possibility of being blackmailed after taking part in a cult meeting, for instance – or are the powers of darkness really capable of supernatural unpleasantness causing accidents, blighting lives and blasting minds?

Wheatley, whose black magic books have sold in their millions and been made the subject of several top box office films, feels strongly that evil powers do exist and are capable of wreaking both physical and mental havoc. He has written over the cloak of the last century, 'I am damned anyone who dabbles in magic.'

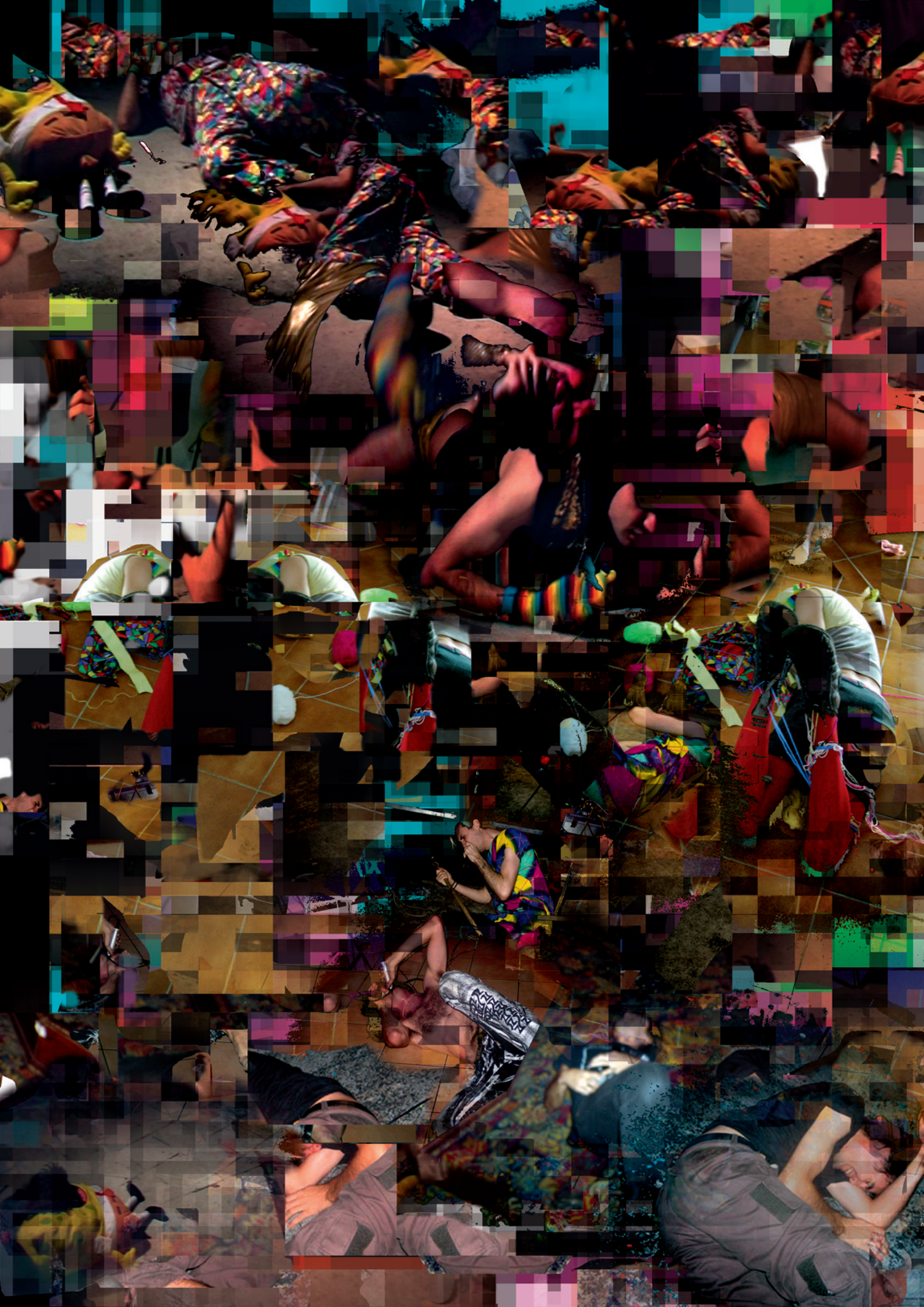
Search of Black

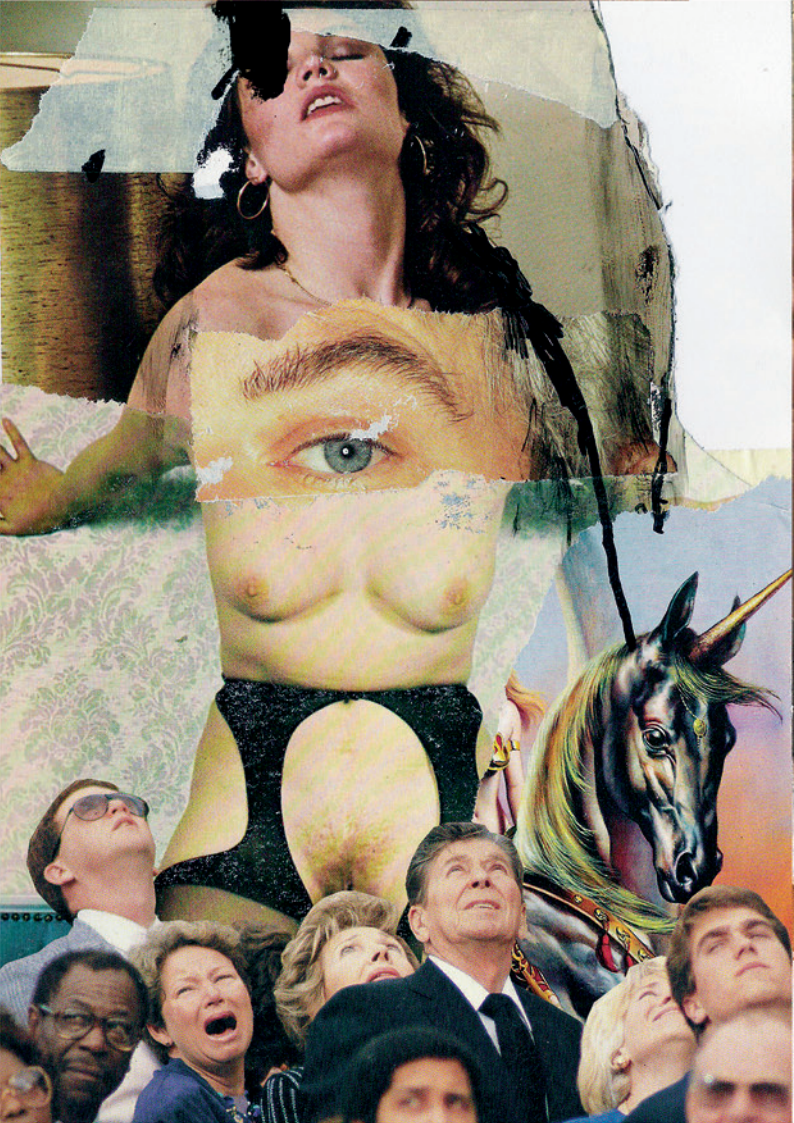
The man who is convinced of the existence of black magic is Serge Kordeiv, a photo-journalist living on Romney Marsh, Kent. Some years ago he went in pursuit of black magic in London, partly through curiosity, partly out of professional interest. He was an agnostic at the time, although he envied believers who had 'a sheet-anchor of religion'.

'Only now, about ten years later, do I feel safe from the influences with which I became involved,' says Kordeiv. 'I would certainly join Mr Wheatley in his wholesale condemnation of the darker side of black magic.' Serge Kordeiv's wife Anne, since the early days of their marriage, had tended towards a belief in reincarnation, but

RAINBOW

How dangerous is black magic? Are they a real threat to the foolhardy inquirer into the mysteries of black magic? We begin this week an account of what happened to one such investigator who found the consequences more than he bargained for











To a very
Special
Boy
on his
Birthday.









Yeah I, I got to know your name
Well and I, could trace your private number baby
All I know is that to me
You look like you're lots of fun
Open up your lovin' arms
I want some

Well I...I set my sights on you
(and no one else will do)
And I, I've got to have my way now, baby
(and no one else will do)
And I, I've got to have my way now, baby
All I know is that to me
You look like you're havin' fun
Open up your lovin' arms
Watch out, here I come

*You spin me right round, baby
right round like a record, baby
Right round round round
You spin me right round, baby
Right round like a record, baby
Right round round round

I, I got be your friend now, baby
And I would like to move in
Just a little bit closer
(little bit closer)

**All I know is that to me
You look like you're lots of fun
Open up your lovin' arms
Watch out, here I come

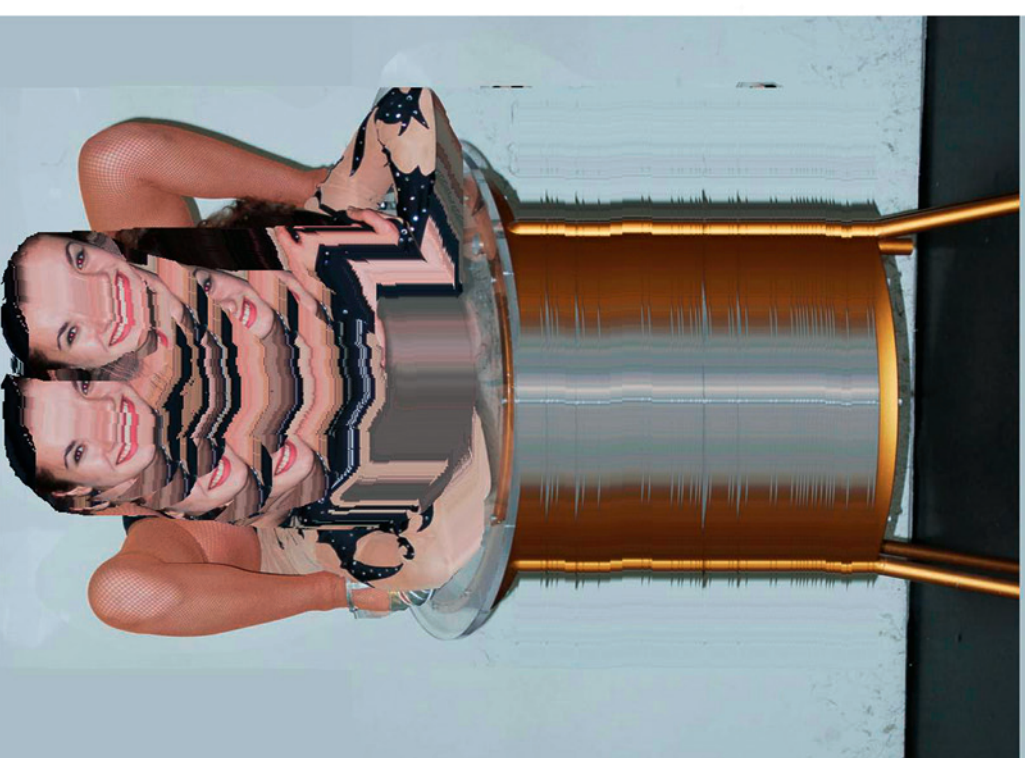
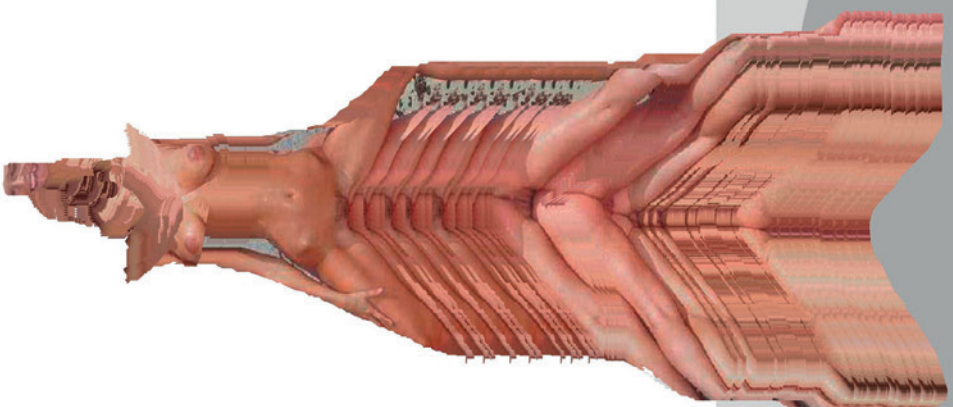
[*Repeat]

I want your love
I want your love
[**Repeat]

[*Repeat and fade with ad lib]







KOMPANION FUG









We are good friend forever
When you have a problem,
I'll together with you.

EVERYTHING
FOR YOU



IN A WORLD WITH NO TOMORROW!!!!



Hyperglam Wrenchstep Frogman jump Nettle rock
IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY TO LOOK THIS CHEAP

Frankore Clamcore Sm Du Jr Anti-goatstep
Submittenstep Toga trance Magneticopus Cross wobble





Out of the stillness
of the afternoon

for you

for you

As we lay there

As we lay there

the most unbelievable

Everything

Oh oh

Oh oh

Oh oh

Oh oh...

(Instrumental Break)

Oh oh

Oh oh

Oh oh

Oh oh...

Everywhere
closer together

Say you'll love

I will do for you

Say you'll love

I will do for you

Say you'll love

I will do for you

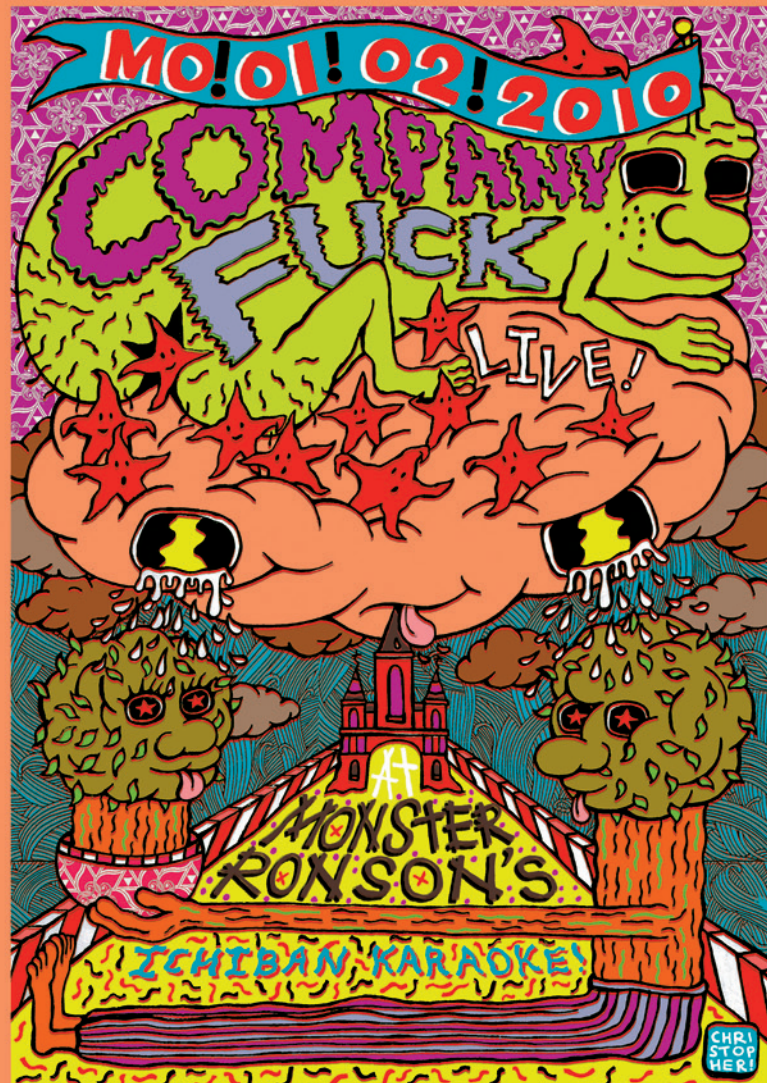
Near you and far
closer together

soft-spoken words

soft-spoken words













STEFAN KUSHIMA
JIM HOLLANDS
JOE MUSGRAVE
KAKE GECK
INFINITE LIVEZ
KIRSTY KROSS
OLIVER OF THE SKY
FENSHU
LUC VAN WEELDEN
ANTON MAIOF
PINK.DOT
REBECCA STRICKSON
ROLAND LAIMER
RUBBISH FAIRY
ALEX DAVIES
WM. B. MCCLURE
FREEKA PEEKA
ARN VLEESPAPIER
PAKITO BOLINO
HOLLY FLUXX
JANKENPOPP
LUCIE RED
7U? JOE EVANS
SISH-TICK
JOHN FANNING
CHAOS VS COSMOS
CHRISTOPHER!



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IS DEAD